

## A LEISURE HOUR'S READING

## GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is over, the heart is sweet,  
The children cluster round to hear a tale  
Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,  
And the warm blood came and went  
Over the face that could scarce have been sweet-  
er then  
Than now, in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,  
And the golden hair is grey,  
But the light that shone in the young girl's eye  
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the fire-light,  
As in and out they go,  
With the flitting music that grandma loves,  
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,  
For they know the stocking song  
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind  
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time  
To grandma's heart tonight,  
Only a refrain, quaint and short,  
Is sung by the needle's bright.

"Life is a long day," grandma says,  
"And yours is just begun;  
But I am knitting the toe of mine  
And my work is almost done."

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,  
And the riddle is almost played;  
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,  
And some are ashen gray."

But most are made of many hues,  
With many a stitch set wrong;  
And many a row to bejaded rippled  
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

There are long, plain spaces, without a break,  
That in life are hard to bear;  
And many a weary task is dropped  
As we fashion the last with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that  
We cannot not let yet stand,  
When our own dear Father breaks the thread  
And says the work is done."

The children came to say good night,  
With tears in their bright young eyes,  
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,  
The finished stocking lies.

## A MONKEY STORY.

There lives in the south of France a man of wealth, whose chateau of country place of residence has around it very tall trees. The cook of the chateau has a monkey, a pet fellow, who knows over so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pick the feathers from fowls. On the day that interests us the cook and the monkey took a walk in the garden, and the monkey, seeing himself in an open window, went to work. He had picked the feathers from one of the partridges, and placed it on the outer ledge of the window with a satisfied grunt, when, lo! all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees nearby, and bore off the plucked bird. Master Monkey was angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on one of the limbs not far off, and began to eat the partridge with great relish. The owner of the chateau saw the sport, for he was sitting in a garden arbor, and sport to watch the end of it. The monkey plucked the other partridge, laid it on the ledge in the same place, and hid behind the window screen on the inside. The hawk was caught in his trap, for when it flew down after the partridge, it reached the monkey and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked. Taking the two birds to the cook, the monkey handed them to him, and said, "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought that one of the birds looked queer, but he served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and then told the cook of the trick that had been played upon him.

## NOT A POLICEMAN.

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"If it wasn't for that policeman there I'd have your heart's blood," said one, edging up closer to his antagonist and gritting his teeth.

"Your lips would be closed in death now if it were not for that same policeman," said the other, glaring like a tiger.

"Gentlemen, I am no policeman; I am just looking on," said the spectator.

The two gladiators drew closer to the man to satisfy themselves that they could reach each other unmolested. The man smiled and said:

"Said gentlemen, I won't hurt you. Having satisfied themselves that the spectator was a harmless, third man, one of the gladiators reached out from the shoulder and sent the amazed third party reeling into the street.

"Hit him again, Jimmy," yelled the second ruffian, planting a well directed kick that lifted the flying man off the ground.

The spectator ran like a turkey, and finally met in his escape, closely pursued by the two usually enemies. When explaining to his friends how he came by the black eye, the victim tells a very different story, and deprecating the inefficiency of the Galveston police, says he shall regret to the last day of his life that he did not have the legal authority to arrest the ruffians, and take them both to jail.—Galveston News.

## A KINDLY HEART.

One bright summer's day, as Sir William Napier was taking a long, quiet walk, he met a little girl in great trouble. Poor little thing! she was sobbing and crying bitterly over the fragments of a broken bowl scattered about the road, and kindly Sir William stopped at once to question and console her. "Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do!" she moaned, wiping a little greasy plausive over her tearful eyes, as she shook her curly head sadly and disconsolately at the fragments. "Well, well, don't cry, little maid; mother won't say anything when you tell her how it happened." "Oh, but she will, she's always so cross if anything is broken. You don't think you could mend it for me somehow, sir—do you?" she added, eagerly, as she stooped to look at the remains scattered here and there. "Not exactly that, but I think I have seen basins like this one for a long time, so if I give you a shilling you can go and buy one, and then mother will not be cross, surely."

She jumped up, clapping her hands, and thanking him delightedly as he opened his purse, but alas it was empty! The bright eyes filled again, until kind Sir William told her that he would never let her at the same place to

tomorrow, and bring the shilling. "Tell your mother all about it, and ask her not to scold you, for that she shall have the new basin to-morrow. Don't be afraid; I promise to be here, my little maid, at one o'clock, so make yourself happy." So with a smiling nod at the now comforted child, he went his way. On his arrival at home he found an invitation to a party at Bath, to meet some clever men he had long wished to see, and at once set down to write an acceptance, when suddenly it occurred to him that if he went to Bath he could not be in time to meet the poor child, who had trusted in his promise, and would be waiting in the lane. He had no one whom he could well send in his place, and so his answer was that he must decline the dinner, as he had a previous engagement.

"I cannot disappoint the child; she trusted me," was this true gentleman's thought.—Little Folks.

**EQUALITY.**  
Equality or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to beoken somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to the stirring concerns of life, to his hopes and fears, his longings and terrors, its aspirations and enthusiasms. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives way to outbreaks of any kind, simply because it is too dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equality as the silence of sleep differs from the silence of intense watchfulness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism, which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the smothering of all vitality, the suppression of all impulses, the deadening of all emotion. True equality, so far from being any such weak and puerile negation as this, is, in fact, the fruit of combined forces.

## IT IS UNLUCKY.

To fall out of a third-story window on Monday.  
To meet a red-headed woman on a Tuesday (especially if you are over her anything).  
To break a forty-dollar mirror on a Wednesday.  
To dream you see red snakes or green monkeys on Thursday.  
To get hung on Friday.  
To lose \$2.50 on Saturday.  
Or get locked up on Sunday.  
Paste this in your hat.

**LORE MACAULAY.**—His was a memory of studious facts, and also an intelligent instrument and servant. He could not only remember what was useful, what he wanted to remember, but what was utterly worthless, what entered his mind by accident, what was read by the eyes only, scarcely entering into the mind. If, on one occasion, he repeated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish Channel, on another, waiting in a Cambridge coffee-house for a post-chaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one "Reflections on an Exile," and the other "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them over once through, never gave them a further thought for 40 years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word. The readers of his "Life" will remember that his memory retained pages of trashy novels read once in his youth. In fact, in a way of speaking, he forgot nothing. As has been well said, "his mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor ever seemed to feel the burden."—In this differing from Holbein's, we have spoken of disproportionate memories. His we cannot but think a case in point. He would have been a fatter historian if he could have forgotten some things—if his early impressions had so faded that they could have given place to, or at least have been modified by, new ones. In their vivid strength they stood in the way of judgment.—Blackwood's Magazine.

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The spectator ran like a turkey, and finally met in his escape, closely pursued by the two usually enemies. When explaining to his friends how he came by the black eye, the victim tells a very different story, and deprecating the inefficiency of the Galveston police, says he shall regret to the last day of his life that he did not have the legal authority to arrest the ruffians, and take them both to jail.—Galveston News.

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